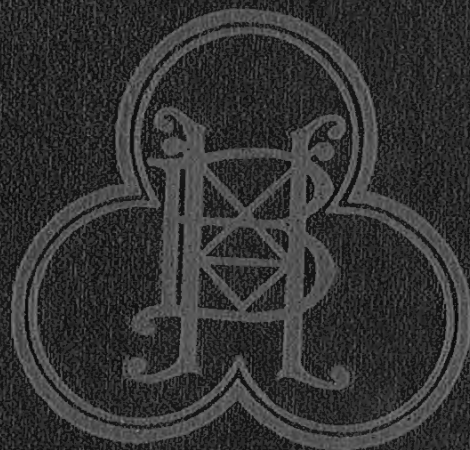
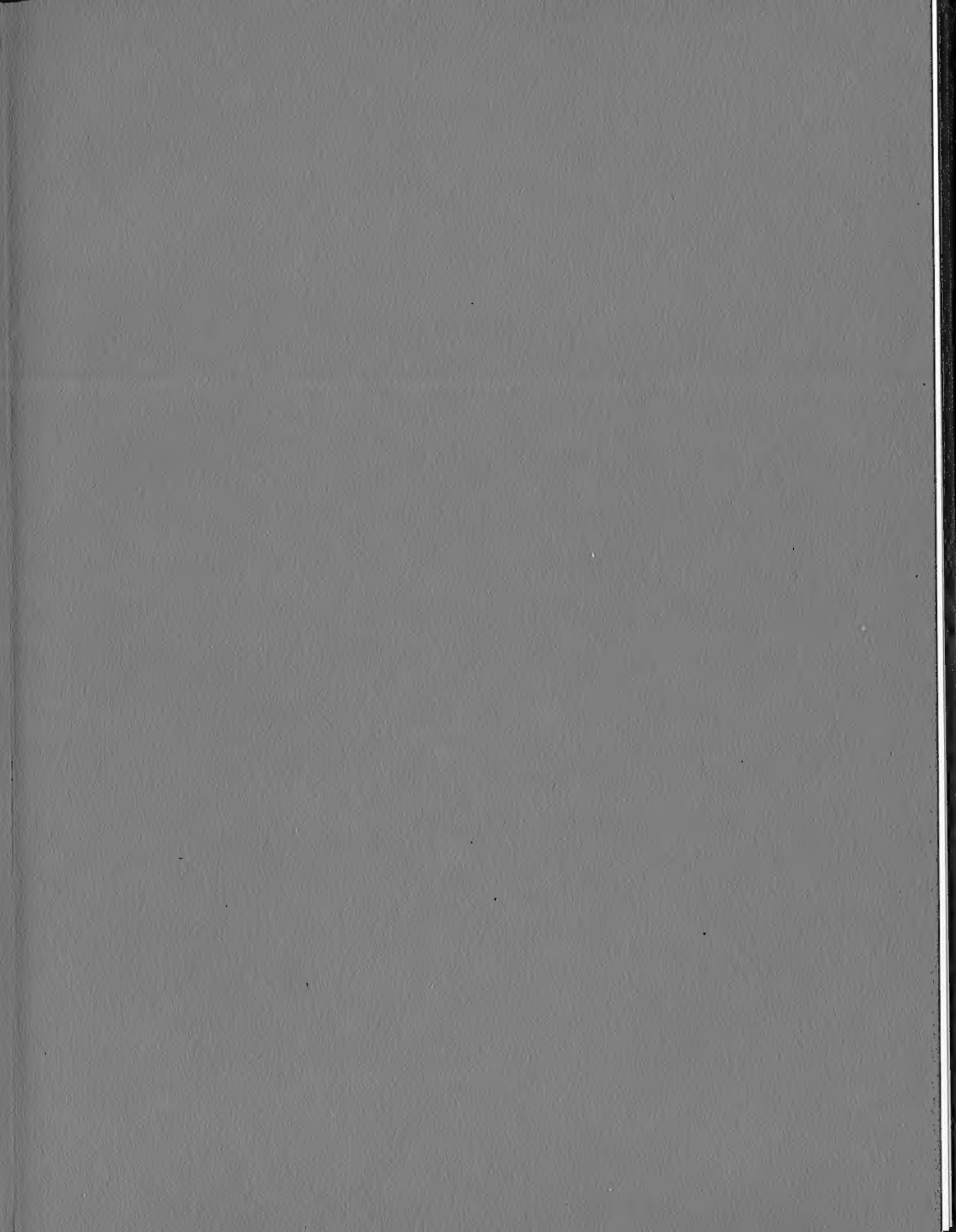


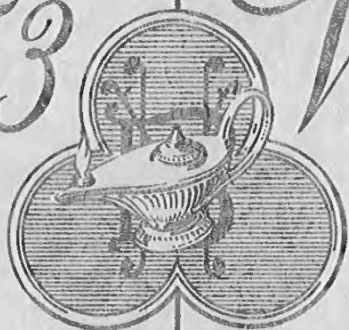
WHITE CAPS



1953



1953 *White Caps*



presented by the

SENIOR CLASS

of

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL

Poughkeepsie, New York

1953 White Caps

presented by the

SENIOR CLASS

of

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL

Poughkeepsie, New York

Dedication



MISS EDITH L. LINDBERG

We, the Class of '53, wish to dedicate these following pages to our class advisor; Miss Edith Lindberg, whose sincerity and loyalty we have valued throughout our days in training. We always found her ready with a helping hand and always willing to give encouragement and understanding in all our problems. In her, we not only found an advisor, but a true friend.

In Appreciation



MISS SARA L. SWEET

It is with humble pride Miss Sweet, that we, the Class of 1953, dedicate this page of our yearbook to you.

We speak not only for ourselves but for the many student nurses who preceded us in passing through your portals of learning, as we express our appreciation for your constant guidance and wise direction.

Our association with you has been more than a development of a scientific background; it has been a professional experience of fidelity and high ethics; a philosophical experience of wise and patient tolerance and a personal experience of sincere friendship.

Under your scholarly direction, we have conquered and mastered the seemingly insurmountable task of professional learning with ease, confidence and thoroughness.

In the twenty-eight years as Director of Education at Vassar Brothers Hospital, you have left a deep impression, and we, your many students solemnly pledge ourselves to be ever worthy of your valuable teachings and personal esteem.

EXECUTIVE FACULTY



MRS. ISABEL H. CHRISTIANA
Director of Nursing
 Graduate of Columbia Presbyterian
 Hospital School of Nursing
 Winthrop University for Women, A.B.



MRS. KATHRYN E. HENNING
Assistant Director of Nursing
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JEAN L. DAVIDSON
Night Supervisor
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing

TEACHING STAFF



MISS SARA L. SWEET
Director of Nursing Education
 Graduate of Newton Hospital
 School of Nursing
 Mount Holyoke College A.B.



MISS EDITH L. LINDBERG
Instructor of Nursing Arts
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JANE SECOR
Science Instructor
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing
 Syracuse University A.B.



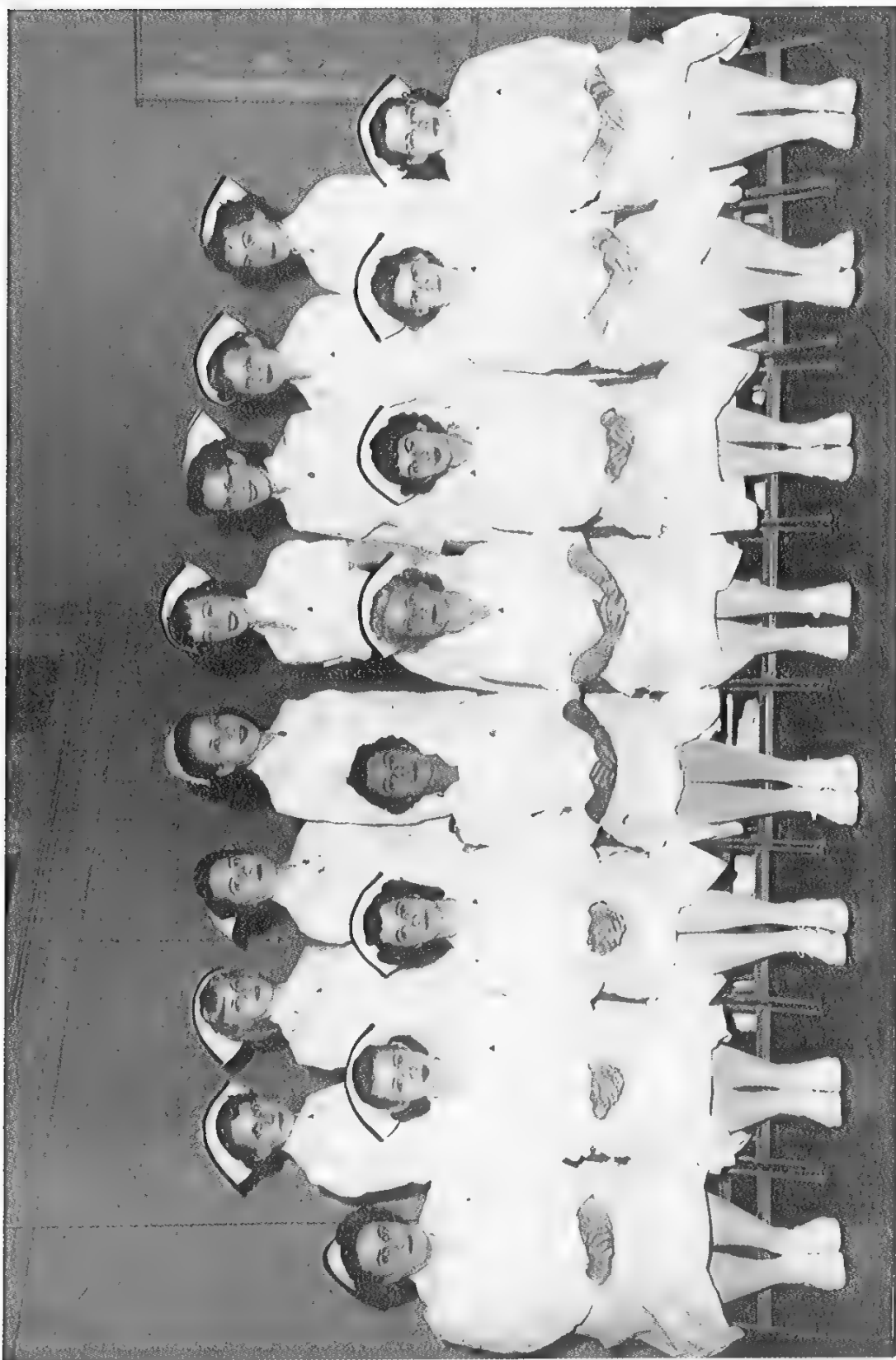
MISS CYNTHIA VAN ACKOOY
Asst. Instructor of Nursing Arts
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing



MISS ELIZABETH PUCCIO
Relief Supervisor
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing



MISS VALEDIA ALLEN
Assistant Night Supervisor
 Graduate Burbank Hospital
 Fitchburg, Mass.



SUPERVISORS AND HEAD NURSES

Second Row, Left to Right: Miss S. Miller, Miss V. Rose, Miss D. Best, Miss P. Broszkowski, Miss A. Addor, Miss I. Fleig, Mrs. R. Olivo, Mrs. M. Seymour.
First Row, Left to Right: Mrs. L. DeMarco, Mrs. R. Gerth, Mrs. S. Hudson, Mrs. G. Green, Mrs. M. Plass, Miss L. Scurco, Miss D. Taylor, Miss M. Evans.

White Caps



Joy Ferguson

MILTON, NEW YORK

Class President

"FERG"

She smiles on many
She loves but one,
Our effervescent
Miss Ferguson.

Joan Lathrop

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Class Vice-President

"JOANIE"

I like myself the way I am
Of faults I've more than one;
If anyone reformed me though
I'd miss a lot of fun.



Class of 1953

Evelyn Seaton

RANDOLPH, NEW YORK

Class Secretary

"EVIE"

To live with leisure through the day
And never fret or worry
Will make each hour twice as long,
No one has time to worry.



Janet McGhee

PINE PLAINS, NEW YORK

Class Treasurer

"MAGGIE"

So petite and gentle is she,
Her bedside manner is something
to see;
With a great deal of faith in humanity
She gracefully wends her way.

White Caps



Lucille Anzivina

HIGHLAND, NEW YORK

"CEIL"

In the years to come we'll see
Our own Ceil and Victor B.
Walking down the aisle to bliss
And to a life full of happiness.

Joan Benjamin

WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK

"BENJ"

Giddy and witty
Without a care
And a heart breaking beauty
With that pretty blonde hair.



Class of 1953

Joyce Benjamin

WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK

"BENJIE"

She has a wit and talent
To carry through some shows,
You soon may see her dancing
On the stage of Major Bows.



Joan Bennet

JOHNSON, NEW YORK

"MAW"

'Tis very seldom one is found
Who is a friend and counselor
true,
But we are sure that we have one
And thus we give our Joan to you.

White Caps



Priscilla Bird

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"CILLA"

I love to tell my secrets
I do it all unbidden,
My private life's so thrilling
I cannot keep it hidden.

Ann Finkle

SALT POINT, NEW YORK

"DOLLIE"

With flame colored hair and sparkling
eyes

She bustles to and fro,
Laughter on her lips and warmth in
her heart

Our Ann's a pleasure to know.



Class of 1953

Annie Lou Horton

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"A-L"

When all around the halls ring out
The din of senior chatter
A gentle voice will to us come
To ask us, "What's the matter?"



Eleanor Lamoree

HYDE PARK, NEW YORK

"ELLIE"

She looks on things with friendly eyes
And casts out bitter hates,
She just loves life with all her heart
And life reciprocates.

White Caps



Lois Lyons

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"M-O"

She's not looking for trouble
Not causing great strife,
She's just quietly going
Her own way in life.

Joanne Quick

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"QUICKIE"

So oft her head is in the clouds
Life is no serious matter,
And she can always be picked from
a crowd
By her typical giggle and chatter.



Class of 1953

Marlene Sachtleben

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

"MIKE"

Though the world at times is a trouble-
some place

And often my life seems dull and
drear,

When I think I could leave if I wanted
to

I always begin to like it here.



Ruth Schmitz

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"RUTHIE"

Softly, silently she wends her way
In the enchantment of life she's
caught,

Often she sheds a lingering smile
Filled with some secret thought.

White Caps



Shirley Schubert

GRAHAMSVILLE, NEW YORK

"SHERRY"

A late addition to our class
Is Sherry, a domestic lass,
And we all know her ambition to be
The wife of a guy in the U. S.
Na-vy.

Betty Skea

YONKERS, NEW YORK

"BETTY"

I can always make excuses
When I'm disinclined to work,
But when I'm in charge of someone
How I hate to see them shirk.



Class of 1953

Joan Slater

WALDEN, NEW YORK

"SLATS"

'Tis for many things we'll remember
you

For your pranks, your wit, and
other,

But we're sure you'll be outstanding
When you play the role of mother.



Betty Ann Terwilliger

CORNWALL, NEW YORK

"TWILLIE"

'Tis so good to be merry and wise
And so good to be honest and
true;

'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you go on with the new.

White Caps



Helen Thomson

STORMVILLE, NEW YORK

"TOMMIE"

So quiet and sincere is she
She never makes a fuss,
But we all know that when she does
It's because she can't see Russ.

Marie Walther

HYDE PARK, NEW YORK

"RIE"

Ah, Marie, we'll miss your chatter
Your giggle and your gait,
And we'll all remember you
As a real true blue classmate.



Class of 1953

Muriel Weeks

CAIRO, NEW YORK

"WEEKSIE"

Reasons for worry are all too clear,
But I don't intend to heed them;
Either my worries will disappear
Or bigger ones supersede them.



Gladys Wendover

RED HOOK, NEW YORK

"WENDY"

I'd like to skip along the street,
But I must walk with head held
high;
Who started all this foolishness
Of people acting dignified?

White Caps



Doris Zabriskie

WESTTOWN, NEW YORK

"ZA ZA"

Common sense is good to have,
But Za, don't let it master you;
For then it might deprive you
Of the foolish things it's fun to do.

Lest We Forget . . .

LEE BALDERA

GOLDIE BALLIEN

DOROTHY DOLPHINI

GERALDINE LAYMAN

BARBARA MULLEN

JOAN STELLMANN

KATHERINE TACKACS

JUNE THOMPSON

LUCILLE VANDERHOFF

CATHERINE WOLEJSZA

CLASS MOTTO

"We resolve to meet the future armed with the steel of the past and fired with the flame of the present."

CLASS SONG

"YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE"

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm is a golden sky
With the sweet silver song of a lark.
Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown,
Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone.

CLASS COLORS

GREEN AND SILVER

CLASS FLOWER

TALISMAN ROSE

Nursing

The newborn's first loud cry
At death the old man's sigh
Here does reality lie
At our feet.
The twisted pain-wracked faces
Terminal Ca cases
A web around us laces
Crisises we meet.
The gleam of the surgeon's knife
Saving another life
Out of this world of strife
Comes a ray of hope.
The transfusion slowly drips
Color flows to the patient's lips
Through the night the ambulance whips
With the injured to cope.
The only tool we need
As we do each faithful deed
Whether we follow or lead
It nothing big or new.
It's the reward that comes each day
In a smile from those who say
"Though helpless here we lay
We can depend on you".

In Memoriam

DR. ROBERT W. ANDREWS

DR. JOSEPH L. CUMMINGS



*Front Row, Left to Right: E. Seaton, R. Schmitz, J. McGhee, P. Bird.
Second Row, Left to Right: B. Skea, M. Sachtleben, J. Lathrop, J. Ferguson.*

"White Caps" Staff

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JOY FERGUSON, Editor
JOANNE QUICK

YEARBOOK ADVISOR

SARA SWEET

And Now Tomorrow

The sands have continued to sift through the hourglass. The days have swiftly passed and we find ourselves ten years from that eventful graduation day in 1953. It hardly seems possible that so much has happened in that short time. Let's catch a glimpse of what our classmates are doing now.

Seaton and Curt are married. They have a cute little house in Waban on the outskirts of Boston. Evie is working part time in the Boston Lying In Hospital, and little Curt has just entered first grade.

Thomson and Russell too, have taken the important step. Tommie has started new movements in Public Health Nursing about Pawling and Vicinity. We hear she is soon to be visited by the stork. Good luck to you, Tommie!

Lamoree is back at V. B. H. with a brand new degree. Her dream of a new wing to the hospital for pediatrics is soon to come true. Ellie is walking on a cloud as she pours over blueprints and supervises the ordering of new equipment.

Weeks, as anyone would have guessed, is surgical supervisor in Green County Memorial Hospital. We hear she and Miss Best correspond frequently, and are trying out all the latest methods and techniques in surgical nursing.

Bird is working nights steadily now in Preemie Nursery at V. B. H. They'd be lost without her capable and faithful vigil.

Slater has retired from nursing and has a full time job on the farm with Bob. She has just returned from V. B. H. to Walden with her second baby boy. Slats hasn't changed a bit for she's still the fun-loving girl we knew so well.

Zabriskie is in her glory at Presbyterian Medical Center. She's in Babies Hospital on the Orthopedic service. Za always said she'd go back there, and she has made good her word.

McGhee is a Captain in the Army. She joined soon after state boards. She says she just loves it, but none of us can imagine petite little Maggie giving orders to a rough and tumble bunch of soldiers.

Walther is back in New York City at Presbyterian, too. She and Wilkerson share an apartment in Harkness. It's rumored they serve spaghetti there every Saturday night.

Terwilliger is assistant Director of Nursing at Cornwall Hospital. She is trying her best to get someone to endow a training school there. We hope Terwillie succeeds.

Bennett and Kenny are happily married, and live in Johnson near her parents. Joanie is teaching psychiatric nursing at Middletown State, and is applying child psychology at home to her four daughters.

Sachtleben and Schmitz are both the proud owners of Columbia Degrees in Nursing. At present they are both teaching in St. Luke's Hospital in Newburgh, but hope to return to V. B. H. whenever there is an opening.

Ferguson is nursing at I. B. M. to be near Bill. They are living in Milton. Joy has just published a book on "The Effects and Results of Knitting On Student Nurses."

Lathrop's efforts at the piano in Old Tower have finally paid off. Joanie has given up nursing in view of a musical career. She's making her debut as a concert pianist in Carnegie Hall next month.

Skea, we hear, has gone to Scotland. We knew she'd make it some day. Is nursing any different over there, Betty?

The inseparable Benjamin sisters have taken a jaunt across the country. They finally reached California and are on their way back. We can hardly wait to hear all about their exciting adventures.

Quick is hard at work at V. B. H. Yes, one can still hear Quickie's, "Say now listen —", above the crying of the babies in Corridor 4 Nursery.

Schubert and Bill were married soon after graduation. Sherry is doing private duty as a side line for she has two wonderful children who take up most of her time.

Horton took up a new field. She's school nurse now at P. H. S. We envy her two months summer vacation!

Finkle and Al are married, and Ann has given up nursing. She's in a different line of work now. From four to four-thirty every afternoon on WEOK, we hear Ann on her own radio show. She always had a talent for singing and her program is most enjoyable.

Wendover is at Dutchess County Health Center on the OB service. We all miss Wendy's cheerful and happy ways.

Lyons has her very own T. V. set now. It is said that she spends every off-duty moment by it. Lois, too, is at V. B. H. as assistant head nurse on Corridor 1.

Anzivina is in Virginia. She and Vic were married not long after graduation. Vic is still in the service and Ceil has seen much of the country, traveling with him.

The sands of the hourglass are still falling and we are sure that a bright and happy future lies ahead for the Class of '53.

In Memoriam

WILLIAM WEGLEY

Orderly at Vassar Brothers Hospital

1948 - 1953

School Days

Listen, friends, and we will relate—

Our three years at Vassar which were great.

We dressed at first in our dark blues,

Then we tasted the D. K.'s stews.

Miss Sweet took over with anatomy,

We learned the bones like A B C.

Miss Lindberg taught us how to make beds,

While Miss Secor pounded math in our heads.

Homework, homework every night,

We tried our best to do it right.

Hair nets, nails trimmed, polished shoes,

Soon we started to sing the blues.

Then, soon, after six months elapsed,

We all received our brand new caps.

We all were proud and happy then,

But here is where the work began.

Straights, splits, working Sundays,

Relief, nights, off on Mondays.

To the O. R., a nurse contaminated.

Dr. Shannon so very elated!

The D. K. next, where we mixed up malts.

We'll never forget two kinds of salts.

Soon we had our nineteen babies,

While taking care of O. B. ladies.

At Vassar College, we had quite a time,

Learning how to monkey climb.

New York City—We're on our way,

To feed those premies Vitamin A.

We loved H. R. where work is nil.

There are locks and keys and time stands still.

We're Seniors now and almost through;

Our caps look nice with stripes of blue.

The time has passed so fast, you see,

It's most September of "53".

Goodby to Vassar, or rather so long,

New girls are coming and we must be gone.



The Class of '54

As the closing of our second year at Vassar Brothers Hospital approaches, we look back on by-gone days—the day we entered, our classes and the wonderful experience of coming into the Nursing profession, our capping!

At times we admit, we have found the going hard, but at each passing day, the satisfaction we earn, compensates for each new difficulty which faces us. We have learned the art of giving as well as getting and of facing each new obstacle as it comes.

Of course, all is not hard work and we have had fun participating in the "Country Hoe-Down" and in the hobby show. We established the new candy and cigarette project.

Most of our classmates have been on affiliation at either Hudson River State Hospital or Babies Hospital in New York. Those who have yet to go are awaiting the experience with anticipation.

We are about to enter our senior year, but with the guidance of the members of the faculty, we are confident of reaching our goal with honors.

As we see the present Seniors change their stripes for white uniforms and their blue bands for black bands, we stand by patiently hoping someday to follow in their footsteps. To them we wish happiness and success in the field of nursing.



The Class of '55 *will always remember . . .*

The big day; September 9, 1952 when we entered training at VBH; the flurry of settling in our rooms and the period of "getting acquainted"; the party given us by our Big Sisters; the first time we signed out for a late leave; the wearing of our blue smocks and the grumbling; the first day we went on the wards to make beds; our first return procedure at seven o'clock; the excitement in November when we got our blue stripes, what a job to get them together!; the thrill of being asked to wait on tables for the Senior's dinners; our first Glee Club rehearsal and the first public performance; the fun of working on the program for the Hoe Down; our Christmas Formal, such fun decorating; being shifted from department to department every six weeks or so and the fun we had with the patients; The first time we did each new procedure; all those Final Tests!! and waiting for interviews with Miss Secor, Miss Sweet and Miss Lindberg; our Hobby Show in March; the first feeling of disappointment at not being capped in March and then the thankfulness but still great anticipation of capping in April; the first time we "got together" with our advisor; Wednesday night bowling and basketball and also our competition games; those "needles" we got so often (too often it seemed sometimes); all the wonderful times we've had and will have with our classmates, upper classmates and instructors; the friendship shown to us by our Big Sisters, the Class of 1953, and it is with great fondness that we bid you farewell. We wish you luck and success in all of your endeavors.

Letter Home

Dear Mom and Dad,

As I sit here now it seems so long since I took leave of you and all the things I loved, to join thirty-three other eager, young maidens in our chosen career. Yet, it was only three years ago on a bright September day. Do you remember how forlorn I looked as I stood on the steps of New Tower and waved good-bye? I felt so alone among all those strangers never dreaming I'd come to know and love them as I do now.

I was drawn into a new and wonderful way of life. Under Miss Lindberg's capable direction, I learned with my classmates the art of nursing. We soon discovered that this was quite different from anything we'd ever done before. We were taught to make beds, give treatments, assist doctors and so forth, but most of all we learned how to be tactful, give comfort and in general get along with people.

Our concern and worry over return demonstrations in the classroom was nothing compared to the panic we felt during our first days on the wards. Yes, we made mistakes, but we profited from them and soon were sure of ourselves and our work. What a wonderful feeling it is to know you've done something to help another!

Along with our practical experience, we had formal classes in Anatomy, Microbiology, Pharmacology, Chemistry, and many others. With Miss Sweet and Miss Secor we soon learned that nursing is not glamorous, but hard work, with many hours of study.

Remember the day we got our stripes? After two months in those long, blue smocks, what a thrill it was to don the official student uniform. We began to take a place on the Wards and before we knew it, the Christmas Holidays had arrived.

After a week's vacation, we tripped back to wind each other up in bandages. That class was great fun! An observer would have thought a group of Egyptian mummies had been let loose!

The days passed quickly. In March, we reached the first milestone in our nursing career — capping! How proud we were to wear those brand new caps! True, some had fallen out along the way. The mad whirl of our lives had grown too fast for them. We'll always remember the days they spent with us.

If we thought we were busy before capping, we had been mistaken. Time fairly flew that spring as we listened to doctors' lectures, worked full time on the floors and most important of all, we passed our Materia Medica exam. Under Miss Secor's careful supervision, we gave our first medications on the floors. I don't know about the others, but I was trembling in my shoes. That was an apprehensive morning! We all came through with flying colors though, and were we ever happy!

Miss Lindberg and Miss Van Ackooy took us in hand and gave us a few pointers on hypodermic and intramuscular injections. Shy at first, then fast to learn, we were soon veterans in this field also.

We had summer vacations that year — what bliss! Before we knew it, our first year had passed. Already some of us were growing fat in the Diet Kitchen or stumbling through the Operating Room. I'll always remember Dr. Shannon's ringing command, "Step back. You're contaminated." Others had begun an even newer experience — relief shift.

Next came night duty. It was hard at first to sleep in the day time, but we took it in our stride and soon felt like old hands at the business.

That second year was split up with affiliations. For the first time we were separated from our classmates and the things we'd grown to love. Like everything else, we expected the worst and were pleasantly surprised; the new work was thrilling. We lived in the enchantment of new wonders, new friends and gay times. Besides filling more grey cells in our heads with pediatric nursing, we found out how easy it is to get lost on a subway or sunburned on a beach while in New York City.

Psychiatry! We can laugh now at the way we tip-toed into Avery Home, our knees knocking and our stomachs doing flip-flops. Most of us liked this new and different phase of nursing. Like ducks, we took to the water and learned to swim. Despite our former misgivings, we had lots of fun.

Back again to Vassar! Like weary travelers, we were welcomed once again. It folded its arms around us and we were content within its depths. We slipped into our old routine and once more we felt at home.

Seniors, can you believe it? How those blue bands glistened! Our eyes sparkled with light the day we received them (or was it unshed tears of happiness?). Now we were the leaders.

Specialized services were our next feat. There seemed a never ending stream of them, all with capital letters for abbreviations. It was like learning a new language as we said to each other, "Oh, I'm on OBS now, but I'm going to E.E.N.T. next week and then to the R.R." or "I like O.P.D. but the A.R. is more exciting".

And now—am I dreaming? is that really a white uniform I see before me? Have three years so soon passed? Mom, I never could have made it without your encouragement, or without your financial backing, Dad.

As I'm about to step into the shoes of the R. N., I think I'm about the happiest person in the world. The road before me is yet long and hard, but I shall pull through — we all will. As I look at my classmates, I can not help but think we've come to a parting of our ways. But — no — we haven't really. We are about to join the throng of others who have gone before us. If nothing else that three-leafed clover pin will be our common tie. No matter where else we are or to what ends of the world we travel, our memories will keep us together in spirit.

Well, I must close for now before I get a little weepy. It's time for me to go to bed anyway and rise bright and fresh for a new and better tomorrow.

Lots of love from

Your little Florence Nightengale



*Back Row, Left to Right: A. Santopadre, L. Scurco, S. Miller, E. Puccio, J. Bicknell.
Front Row, Left to Right: D. Zabriskie, B. Clina, E. Lamorree, M. Weeks, J. Ferguson, M. Walther.*

Student Council

Student Council is the governing body of our school. Representatives from each class meet to make and enforce the rules by which we live. We are proud of our student government. All are willing to take part in its committees for this is a step along the way to democratic living.



Glee Club

For many years the student nurses Glee Club of V. B. H. has been enjoyed by all participating. Directed by Mr. Charles Terry and accompanied by Mrs. Donald Tongue, we have sung at many important occasions. This year it was our pleasure to sing at Christmas time in Luckey's, at the Country Hoe Down, for the Dutchess County Council of Church Women, at Capping, and at Graduation.

The Glee Club is sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary of the hospital with Mrs. Clifford Cook, chairman. We are very grateful for their interest and help with this project.



Sitting Left to Right: Dr's Dingman, M. Matlin, S. L. Smith, N. C. Stone, D. Malven, M. Gosse, C. R. Southworth, A. Sobel.
Standing Left to Right: Dr's C. Crispell, C. Lamont, W. E. Garlick, W. Byrne, B. Efron, E. A. Stoller, A. A. Rosenberg, A. Krakower, A. Neighbors, J. Rogers, C. E. Bauer.
Sitting Left to Right: Dr's W. Bedell, T. Shannon, Leisenbein, G. T. C. Way, A. I. White, A. Thomson, M. Leiser, S. Miller, S. Simon.
Standing Left to Right: Dr's L. Kest, J. Mead, P. Lass, G. C. Lehu, F. A. Gagan, J. Keeley, E. Koloski, M. Siegel, J. Lehner, F. M. Hedgecock, N. Fabian, F. C. Starpoli, M. R. Ertenson.



Dr. M. Gottesman



Dr. J. Breed



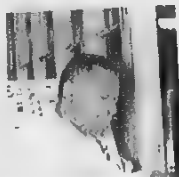
Dr. S. Hirst



Dr. W. Meyer



Dr. C. Davison



Dr. C. Gibbs



Dr. M. Lottermoser



Dr. P. Crowther



Dr. M. Darling



The Pharmacy



Ward 5

Mr. Halstetter



"Jimmy"



X-ray Therapy



Dietitians

ON DUTY



You'd Better Believe It

As we take stock of our class, we find many individual characteristics and we would like to review a few of them for you — so YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT ('cause it's true.)

ANZIVINA is always ready one half hour ahead of time.

BENNETT needs 24 hours of sleep O. D.

No one can surpass BIRD for complicated love affairs.

FERGUSON's executive ability tops all others in the class.

LYONS never takes her coat off until she goes to bed.

SKEA has gained so much intestinal fortitude that she can now walk past the morgue without turning green.

SEATON has a one year lease on the ironing board on third floor of Old Tower.

HORTON is always found resting on third floor because she can never quite make four floors in one attempt.

THOMSON has secrets that even Russell doesn't know about.

WALTER's biggest dream is to play in the low 80's in golf.

WEEKS has a KeKe bird hidden in her room, and it lives on coffee.

LATHROP's purple you-know-what's with the pink and green stripes were found with a stray dog wandering up Main Street.

SACHTLEBEN smiled more in 1953 than in any other year in her life.

ZABRISKIE has never lost her temper.

The BENJAMINS always manage to sign in by 10:59 P. M.

TERWILLIGER has gained ten pounds.

SLATER is constantly in hot water because its good for her skin (she says).

FINKLE is the best person to have around when you're feeling blue (if she can't cheer you up, no one can!)

QUICKIE bought her driver's license from Sears and Roebuck.

SCHMITZ always packs her weekend bags on Monday.

LAMOREE's biggest joy is relief on Ward 2.

SCHUBERT likes to play Canasta until the wee small hours.

MCGHEE is always eating, but never gains a pound.

WENDOVER's hair is so thick that she has trouble keeping her neck from bending with the weight.

"As We Were"



from the top, left to right: Weeksie, Maggie, Jo, Birdie, Sherry, Quickie, Joani, Ceil, Wendy Slats, M. O., Annie Lou.

"As We Were"



Reading from the top, left to right: Ma, Tommy, Joyce, Joy, ZaZa, Mike, Ellie, Ruth, Marie, Betty, Terwillie.

The Last Will and Testament

WE, THE CLASS OF 1953, of the Vassar Brothers Hospital School of Nursing, the City of Poughkeepsie, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make declare this to be our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

WE GIVE AND BEQUEATH Old Tower Home complete with furnishings and 7. set for the period of one year to the Class of 1954, hoping that they will w there, as much happiness as we did.

WE LEAVE the problem of coping with noise in the homes to the house-
holders, Mrs. Gannon, Mrs. Neidnig and Miss Koob.

WE BEQUEATH patience to deal with the Class of '56 to the doctors of the
3. H. staff.

TO THE PROBIES: WENDY'S ability to distinguish doctors from internes.

TO ANN CLAY: WALTHER'S gait.

TO LORRAINE GOLDSMITH: THOMSON'S ability with the crochet hook.

TO SUZANNE MORLEY: TERWILLIGER'S course in letter writing.

TO FUTURE NIGHT NURSES: BENNET'S ability to sleep.

TO THE ENTERING CLASS FOR SEPTEMBER USAGE: SACHTLEBEN'S lacrimal
apparatus.

TO DR. MEYER: BIRD'S knack of tying her shoes without bending her knees.

TO THOSE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO LIVE THERE: HORTON leaves her
climb to the fourth floor in Old Tower.

TO CELESTE WINNIE: LYONS leaves her art and science of housekeeping.

TO VIRGINIA KANE: MCGHEE'S daintiness.

TO SHIRLEY SHUFELT: SLATER'S box of tricks.

TO PATRICIA McNALLY: QUICKIE'S giggle.

TO JACK BENNY: SEATON'S violin.

TO ANY SCOTCHMAN: SKEA'S plaids.

TO ANYONE DARING ENOUGH TO WEAR THEM: LATHROP'S collection of
unmentionables.

TO DR. WAY: LAMOREE'S athletic ability.

TO FRANK ARICO, JR.: FINKLE'S walk because he likes it so much.

TO FUTURE CLASS PRESIDENTS: FERGUSON'S executive ability.

TO FLORENCE REYNOLDS: SCHUBERT leaves her skill in making doll
clothes.

TO ALL T. V. VIEWERS: ANZIVINA'S secret for extinguishing lines.

TO ANYONE WHO LIKES TO FLIRT IN THE RAIN: JOAN BENJAMIN leaves
her umbrella with the loose handle.

TO THE NEXT STUDENT TAKEN ILL ON AFFILIATION: SCHMITZ leaves her
ambulance ride.

TO ANYONE WHO IS INTERESTED: ZABRISKIE leaves a bottle of shampoo
because she's finished washing her hair.

TO THOSE WHO LIKE IT: JOYCE BENJAMIN leaves her share of relief because she's tired.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, TO PAT MATANO: WEEK'S leaves "The Wheel" to keep the wagon rolling.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this seventeenth day of June in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifty-Three.

Class of 1953

WITNESSES:

Miss Florence Harris
Miss Elizabeth Puccio
Mrs. Leona DeMarco



A Letter from an Old Friend to a Senior Nurse

February 25, 1952

Dear Miss E.

When I sent you away to school, I didn't expect to hear a word from you until you came home with a "sheep-skin" in your hand.

Well now "E", you know I understand this nursing business pretty well—THERE'S NOTHING I DON'T KNOW about it. I can take temperatures, give a bath, massage and other things just us girls talk about. Oh yes, and there is the charging of \$11 for eight hours. My Lord! that is more than half as much as I got for a month's work when I was 21.

I have very recently spent ten weeks around the hospital with Mrs. "G". I got to know a lot of nurses. It must be an easy course. The main thing is to run in; give a patient a pat, say, "I'll be right back", and forget it. A bath, nothing to it; a teacup of water, small rag, up one arm, down the back to one toe, up the other leg, up the front, down the other arm, zing it's done! "Be right back". Forgot the soap. Guess I know, I helped out—took care of twenty or forty patients while the nurses went to lunch.

Guess I better tape this off.

Lots of luck,

(Mr.) L. G.

The Disappearance of Miss Emma Mata Cann

For three days now the disappearance of Miss Emma Mata Cann has baffled hospital authorities. It was discovered she was missing from her home on Utility Row last Tuesday evening. An extensive search was organized without success. Neighbors were questioned but little information as to her whereabouts were obtained.

Mr. Bedpan Sterilizer is under the impression that Miss Cann slipped out or was kidnapped when he blew his lid Tuesday evening throwing out a cloud of steam. The street was thrown into utter confusion. Most other neighbors agree that it was hard to see for a distance. In the uproar, she could have slipped out (or been slipped out) unnoticed.

Mrs. Face Basin and her daughter Waste Basin had been engrossed in a game of tiddly winks with infusion clamps and therefore had little information to offer. Father Cleaning Basin, however, stated he felt sure there had been a stranger about when Mr. Sterilizer had his unfortunate accident.

Sir Instrument Sterilizer who was busy teaching a group of germs not to play with hypodermic syringes was positive something or someone had brushed past him. He also thought he had heard muffled cries for help.

Mr. Output Sheet showed us his records whereby the last evacuation had been charted as early Tuesday morning. Consequently, it was definitely established that Miss Cann had not left her place of residence at that time.

On the basis of this data, the authorities feel sure Miss Cann was kidnapped. Posters were hung giving her description and all were asked to keep on the lookout for her.

Miss Cann is a direct descendent from a long line of Canns who have always resided in their family homestead on Utility Row. It is a mystery why anyone would want to dispose of Miss Cann, for although she had few close friends, she was very useful to many.

When last seen, Miss Cann, was wearing a bright monel coat draped in a length of brown rubber tubing with a shiny glass connection tip. She also wore a red rubber number twenty-six tube. No progress has yet been made on the case. Authorities are hoping for a ransom note.

* * * * *

Hospital authorities disclosed that Miss Emma Mata Cann missing since last Tuesday suddenly reappeared in her home on Utility Row this morning. Miss Cann with a smug look on her face said she had been on a mission of mercy. Beyond that, she had no further statement to make. Her disappearance still remains a mystery.

Miss F——, why do you have that look of relief on your face?

OFF DUTY





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MR. & MRS. ROBERT BENJAMIN

MR. & MRS. HENRY L. BENNETT

MR. & MRS. HOWARD D. BIRD

MR. & MRS. GROVER C. FERGUSON

MRS. ADA FINKLE

MRS. EFFIE HORTON

MR. & MRS. CHARLES LAMOREE

MR. & MRS. STANLEY LATHROP

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MR. & MRS. COLLINS MCGHEE, Sr.

MR. & MRS. ORLEND QUICK

MR. & MRS. CHARLES W. SACHTLEBEN

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MRS. HELEN ZABRISKIE

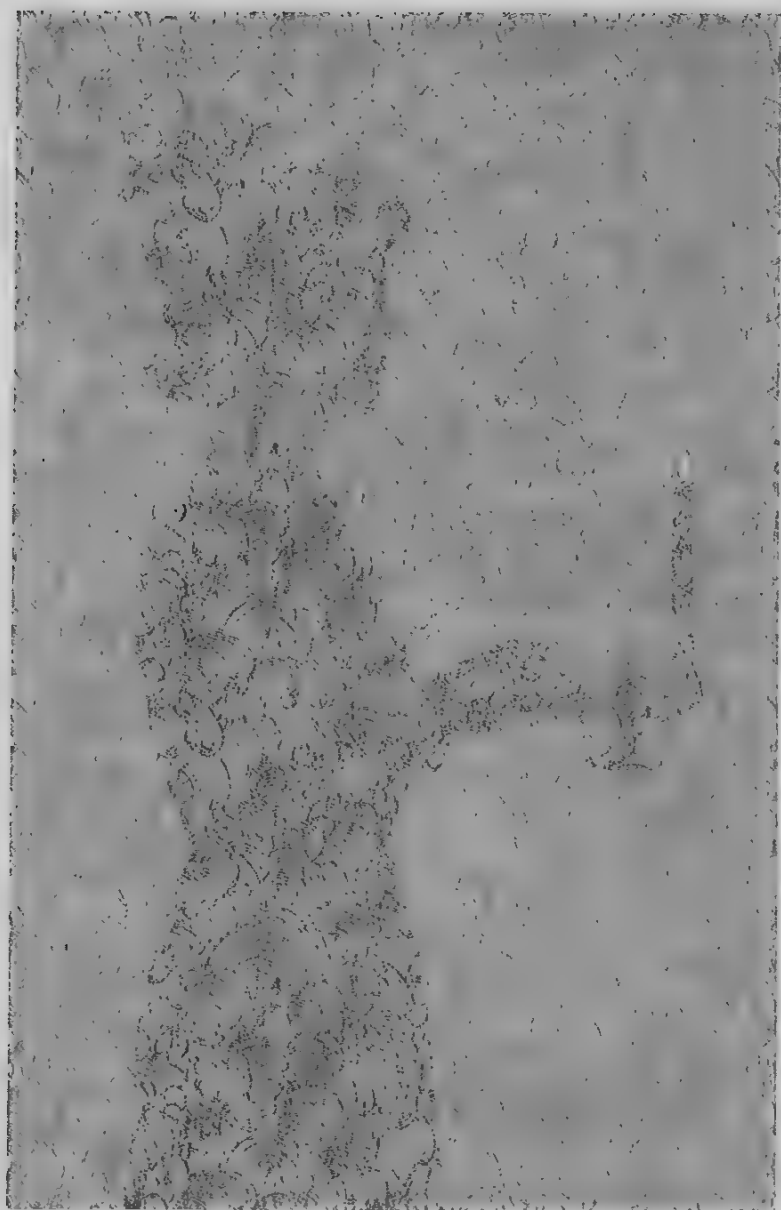
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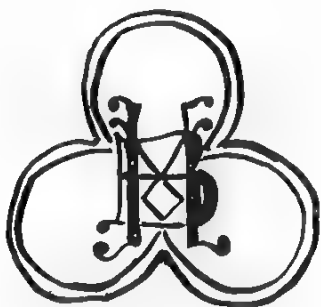
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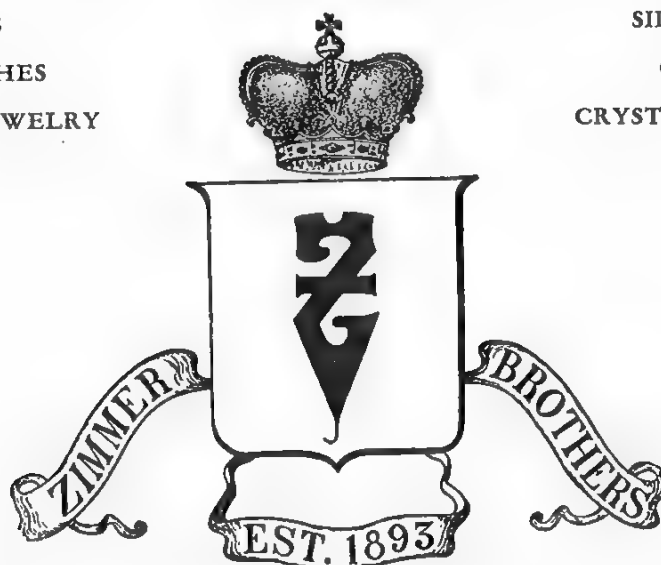
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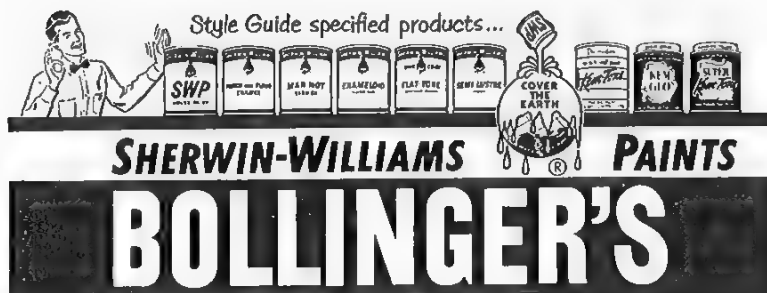
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